

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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### Review of New Books.

*Graphical and Literary Illustrations of Fonthill Abbey, Wiltshire; with Heraldic and Genealogical Notices of the Beckford Family.* By JOHN BRITTON, F. S. A., &c. 4to. London, 1823.

THE name of Mr. Britton is so intimately and so honourably connected with the Fine Arts and the antiquities of this country, that any work from his pen, or produced under his direction, never fails to excite considerable interest, and to ensure a due share of patronage. It is on this ground that his 'Illustrations of Fonthill' have been eagerly expected, even when much of the interest of Fonthill has passed away, and curiosity been gratified to satiety.

Mr. Britton, if we mistake not, is a native of Wiltshire, and hence the pride of local attachments and associations combine, with his love of the arts, to render his 'Illustrations of Fonthill' as complete as possible; and although he does not himself seem perfectly satisfied with his work, yet he is, perhaps, the only person living who will discover a fault in it. We confess we were never seized with the Fonthill mania, nor did we, last year, make *The Literary Chronicle* the direct or indirect medium of the puffs by which thousands were dragged from their homes, to inspect toys appointed for sale, and which sale was afterwards postponed twelve months; yet, though thus apparently indifferent, we were by no means insensible to the charms of Fonthill Abbey, or unacquainted with this noble pile: but it was its noble halls—its architectural grandeur—that we admired, and not the 'egg-shell basons,' the 'burnt-in blue dragon border fruit dishes,' or the elegant commodes or caskets which adorn some of its rooms: and if Mr. Britton's work had contained ever so glowing a description of the furniture or china of Fonthill Abbey we should scarcely have noticed it; but it is an elegant graphic and literary illustration of Fonthill, and contains a genealogical account of the family of its late proprietor, drawn up with great care.

The embellishments are twelve in number, including an exquisite engraving on wood, which represents a view of the whole western range of buildings as seen at a distance of three quarters of a mile. An engraved architectural and heraldic title-page displays the armorial bearings of the Beckfords in a novel and ingenious manner: it exhibits a singular variety of the embellishments of ecclesiastical architecture most harmoniously grouped, (if such an expression can be used.) Of the other engravings our notice must be brief, since it is impossible, in mere description, to do justice to a work of which its embellishments form its most attractive feature.

Plate I. is a plan of the principal suite of apartments, showing their relative situations and comparative dimensions.

Plates II. III. and IV. are views of Fonthill Abbey from different points.

Plate V. is a distant view of the Abbey from an eminence to the south-west, and shews the undulating form of the grounds and the thick plantations that surround the house.

Plate VI. a view of the hall.

Plate VII. a view of four sides of the octagon.

Plate VIII. view of part of King Edward the Third's gallery.

Plate IX. view of the south end of St. Michael's gallery.

Plate X. one of the east oriel windows, with fire place beneath.

The last two plates are most delicately and exquisitely coloured. The engraved title and the wood engraving, which form the eleventh and twelfth plates, have already been noticed. We now proceed to Mr. Britton's literary labours, which we are glad to find are confined to Fonthill Abbey, and that only, avoiding those extraneous details which are too often mingled with such subjects. The general dimensions of Fonthill Abbey are as follow:

'The entrance-hall, sixty-eight feet long by twenty-eight wide, and seventy-eight high. Of this area, the stone stairs occupy a space of sixteen feet eight inches by thirty

feet; area of the octagon is thirty-five feet in diameter by one hundred and twenty-eight feet in height; the circular staircase twelve feet six inches in diameter, with a large newel in the centre, two feet six inches, containing a chimney flue. Edward's gallery is sixteen feet wide; and that of St. Michael thirteen feet seven inches, whilst the length of the whole is more than three hundred feet. The exterior measurements are two hundred and seventy feet from east to west, and three hundred and twelve feet from north to south; the centre tower is two hundred and seventy-six feet high from the floor to the top of the pinnacles: the new building to the east is forty-seven feet in width, by ninety-five feet six inches high, to the top of the parapet, whilst the two octagonal turrets are one hundred and twenty feet high by twenty feet in diameter.'

It is well known that the former mansion of Fonthill was erected so recently as by Alderman Beckford, father of the late proprietor, and that it was such as few persons would have doomed to be destroyed, but yet Mr. Beckford levelled it to the ground and erected the present building:—

'Determined to produce an edifice uncommon in design, and adorn it with splendour; knowing and properly appreciating the insatiable curiosity of the English, and that no common means would restrain it from breaking in upon domestic privacy, and encroaching on the regular occupation of artificers and workmen, Mr. Beckford commenced his work by raising a high wall around a tract of land, about six miles in extent. This was guarded by projecting railings on the top, in the manner of *chevaux de frise*, and thus constituted a sort of fortified barrier. Large and strong gates, or, rather, double gates, were provided in this wall, at the different roads of entrance to the interior. At these gates were stationed persons, who had strict and rigid orders not to admit a stranger. Thus provided and protected, and after many other preparations had been made, the foundation of the present building was laid in the year 1795. A vast number of mechanics and labourers were employed, to advance the works with rapidity. The neighbouring villages were thronged with inhabitants, and a new village, or hamlet, was built to accommodate some of the new settlers. All around was activity and energy; whilst the growing works of the edifice, as the scaffolding and walls were raised above the sur-



rounding trees, excited the curiosity and speculations of the passing traveller, as well as the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. It was generally inferred, that something wonderful was in progress; for, as the inclosed grounds were carefully guarded against the admission of strangers, these naturally became the more inquisitive, and were the more vague, extravagant, and marvellous in their inferences and reports. To enhance this surprise, and afford new scope for this spirit of speculation, a novel scene was presented in the winter of 1800; during the dark and inclement season of November and December, in that year, it is related, that nearly five hundred men were successively employed, night and day, to expedite the works; and, in the darksome and dreary nights of those months, they prosecuted their labours by torch and lamp-light. The prospect of an illuminated edifice, as seen from a distance, with flitting lights and busy workmen, must have produced a singular and mysterious effect.

These exertions were made for the visit of Lord Nelson to Fonthill, the account of which Mr. Britton quotes from the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' The scenery around Fonthill is all of a character, to give increased beauty to the grandeur of the abbey. Among the most attractive features in the abbey-grounds are the American plantations, near the bottom of a hill, directly south of the abbey, and on the bank of Bittern Lake:—

'All visitors must be delighted with this spot in fine weather; for here grows in apparent native wildness, almost every kind of the American flowering shrub and tree. The magnolia, azalia, rhododendron-ponticum, coccinea-aurantina, coccinea-major-flammea, rosa-carolinensis, calicanthus-floridus, angelica, robinia-latifolia, with different species of andromeda, abound here: and, in the flowering season perfume the air with their spicy effluvia;

'While groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,  
Live in description and look green in song.'

The luxuriance of the shrubs and trees in this part of the grounds, the wildness of some spots contrasted with the smoothness and softness of others, the shape and undefined borders of the lake, all conspire to render it interesting to every person; but more peculiarly so to the artist and botanist. A profusion of English and foreign heaths are planted on the sides of the paths. In a deep hollow, apparently the crater of a volcano, is a lake, which, though of small extent, is a fine feature of the grounds, whether viewed from the abbey, from various stations among the woods, or from different parts of its banks. The latter are skirted and fringed with woods, whose pendant branches hang over, are reflected in, and kiss the rippled wave. Flocks of wild ducks, cootes, &c. with the long necked heron, abound here in all seasons, and serve at once to diversify and give interest to the scene. In a narrow dell, at the southern extremity of this lake, is

a large wheel, with attached hydraulic machines for forcing water up the hill to supply the house.'

Mr. Britton does not go very deeply into a description of Fonthill Abbey; but, indeed, the subject has been so hacknied by auctioneers' puffs or other ways, that it is only in reference to Mr. Britton's engravings that his description can properly be judged. A memoir of the family of the Beckfords, with nine genealogical tables, exhibiting the triple descent from royalty of Mr. Beckford, follow the description. By these we learn that this gentleman is descended, in various ways, from Edward I., Edward III., the House of Lancaster, and the House of Stuart. Of the classical taste of Mr. Beckford, his splendid mansion furnishes good evidence; of his genius and literary talents, his 'Vathek' is sufficient proof: we shall, however, quote two short poems from Mr. Beckford's pen, which Mr. Britton has introduced in his Illustrations:—

#### 'A PRAYER.

'Like the low murmur of the secret stream,  
Which through dark alders winds its shaded way,  
My suppliant voice is heard:—ah! do not deem  
That on vain toys I throw my hours away.

'In the recesses of the forest vale,  
On the wild mountain,—on the verdant sod,  
Where the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,  
I wander lonely, communing with God.

'When the faint sickness of a wounded heart  
Creeps in cold shudderings through my sinking frame,  
I turn to thee,—that holy peace impart  
Which soothes the invokers of thy awful name.

'O all pervading Spirit!—sacred beam!  
Parent of life and light!—eternal power!  
Grant me through obvious clouds one transient gleam  
Of thy bright essence in my dying hour.'

#### 'THE LAST DAY.

'Dies ira, dies illa!

'Hark! heard ye not that deep appalling sound?  
Tremble!—for, lo, the vex'd, the affrighted ground,  
Heaves strong in dread convulsion; streams of fire  
Burst from the vengeful sky—a voice of ire  
Proclaims, "Ye guilty, wait your final doom:  
No more the silent refuge of the tomb  
Shall screen your crimes, your frailties. Conscience reigns,—

Earth needs no other sceptre;—what remains  
Beyond her fated limits, dare not tell:—  
Eternal Justice! Judgment! Heaven! Hell!"

We now take our leave of Mr. Britton's 'Illustrations of Fonthill,' a work which, on account of its graphic beauties, will recommend itself to the lovers of taste, if indeed his long list of subscribers have not exhausted all the copies; and if this be the case there is no

new edition to look forward to, since Mr. Britton, from a delicate feeling of honour to his subscribers, has yielded to that worse than gothic custom of defacing several of his plates. It is a strange way of promoting the liberal arts to limit the possession of them to a few,—a species of aristocratic barbarism decidedly opposed to the liberal spirit of the age, and which cannot be too severely condemned. For ourselves, we should not think our copy of Mr. Britton's elegant work the less valuable, if the number printed had been three times the quantity that it is: nor do we conceive any injustice would be done to subscribers when their copies are secured while the plate is in the most perfect condition.

*A Memoir of Central India, including Malwa and adjoining Provinces. With the History, and copious Illustrations, of the past and present Condition of that Country.* By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN MALCOLM, G. C. B., K. L. S. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1127. London, 1823.

THE British government has been very fortunate in the officers that have been sent to our vast empire in India; they have not only been men of great military talent, able statesmen, and of the strictest honour and fidelity, but many of them have possessed literary attainments of the highest order, which they have employed in making us better acquainted with this mighty portion of the British empire. Indeed it is to British officers alone, or nearly so, that we are indebted for the historical and geographical accounts we possess of British India; as well as for a knowledge of the arts and sciences of the Hindoos, and of the languages of the several nations into which Hindostan is divided. Our viceroys have, of late years, been as active in promoting the liberal sciences as in extending or consolidating our power; and literary and scientific societies have been formed, which bid fair to rescue from oblivion a valuable portion of oriental literature.

To such of our readers as are acquainted with Sir John Malcolm's History of Persia, it is unnecessary to say one word on his literary talents, or to point out the qualifications he possesses for a work like the present. The very high price of the History of Persia excluded it from general perusal, hence it may be necessary to state, that General Malcolm is one of the most elegant, and at the same time one of the most accurate historians that ever wrote on In-



dia; he is rich in facts, of which he makes a valuable use, and he spares no research in order to make himself fully master of his subject. His opportunities have been particularly favourable, and he has improved them to the best advantage. His present work is the result of actual investigation, while he had the military and political charge of Central India, and he assures us, in his preface, that 'during the four years he filled that station, his own attention and that of the able public officers under his authority, were directed to the object of collecting materials for the illustration of its past and present condition.' These he formed into a 'Report,' which was transmitted to Calcutta, where it was printed by order of government. Several copies were sent to England, and copious extracts from it appeared in all the periodicals. This Report, drawn up amidst the hurry of other duties, forms the ground-work of the present Memoir, which, however, contains much new and original matter.

Placed in a situation which enabled him to observe all ranks of the natives of India, at a period when peculiar circumstances tended to bring every virtue and vice that belonged to individuals or communities into prominent action, he has been anxious to convey the information he had collected to the European public. He has not entered into critical comparisons between the habits, privileges, and conditions of the inhabitants of Central India, and of those of other parts of the vast continent; though he has given us an able essay on the British power in the east, pointing out how far it has been affected by the late conquests, and giving his opinion, founded on no ordinary degree of experience and observation, as to the system of administration best adapted to Central India, and the countries similarly situated.

In addition to his own labours, Sir John Malcolm has derived much valuable assistance from his professional comrades. An excellent map of Central India, compiled from original and authentic materials under his direction, has been furnished by Lieutenant Gibbings. Capt. Dangerfield has supplied a report on the geology of Central India, and Mr. W. Hamilton, author of a 'Description of Hindostan,' which was favourably noticed in the 63d and subsequent number of *The Literary Chronicle*, has digested a geographical index of the provinces, cities, and towns, mentioned in the Memoir.

In reviewing this work, we shall, in

the first instance, pass over the whole of Sir John Malcolm's Memoir, to notice his last chapter, which is devoted to reflections on the condition of the British power in Central India, and to some observations on our power generally. He says:—

'It appears of essential importance that the great change which has taken place in the British empire in the east should be fully understood. We have been reluctantly compelled, by events far beyond our power to control, to assume the duties of lord paramount of that great continent; and it is now confessed by all, that our dominion can rest upon no secure basis but the general tranquillity of India.

'Our present condition is one of apparent repose, but full of danger. With the means we had at our command, the work of force was comparatively easy: the liberality of our government gave grace to conquest, and men were for the moment satisfied to be at the feet of generous and humane conquerors. Wearied with a state of continued warfare and anarchy, the loss even of power was hardly regretted: halcyon days were anticipated, and men prostrated themselves in hopes of elevation. All these impressions, made by the combined effects of power, humanity, and fortune, were improved to the utmost by the character of our first measures. The agents of government were generally individuals who had acquired a name in the scene in which they were employed: they were unfettered by rules, and their acts were adapted to soothe the passions, and accord with the habits and prejudices, of those whom they had to conciliate or to reduce to obedience. But there are many causes which operate to make a period like this one of short duration; and the change to a colder system of policy, and the introduction of our laws and regulations into countries immediately dependent upon us, naturally excite agitation and alarm. It is the hour in which men awake from a dream. Disgust and discontent succeed to terror and admiration; and the princes, the chiefs, and all who had enjoyed rank or influence, see nothing but a system doomed to immediate decline and ultimate annihilation.'

This view of the subject applies only to the countries under our immediate sway; towards the native states, he observes, we should alike avoid the minute and vexatious interference, which counteracts the purpose for which we maintain them in existence, by lessening their power, and consequently their utility; and that more baneful course, which, satisfied with their fulfilling the general conditions of their alliance, gives a blind support to their authority, however ruinous its measures to the prosperity of the country and the happiness of its inhabitants. Sir John deprecates the annihilation or weakening of the native princes, and observes, that 'in-

crease of territory will, in spite of all our efforts, come too rapidly; but to be at all safe, the march must be gradual towards a crisis which cannot be contemplated without alarm.' With regard to 'Central India,' our author recommends that it should have a resident lieutenant-governor possessing the highest powers, but subject to the diversion and control of the supreme government. The great difficulty in the administration is,—how far we should introduce our own rules and laws, or yield to the principles and prejudices of those we govern:—

'If our system is in advance of the community, if it is founded on principles they do not comprehend, and has forms and usages adverse to their habits and feelings, we shall experience no adequate return of confidence and allegiance. To secure these results, we must associate ourselves with our subjects. We could never have conquered India without the assistance of the natives of that country, and by them alone can we preserve it. Our actual condition makes this necessity more imperative. We are not called upon to lower ourselves to their standard, but we must descend so far from the real or supposed eminence on which we stand, as to induce them to accompany us in the work of improvement. Great and beneficial alterations in society, to be complete, must be produced within the society itself; they cannot be the mere fabrication of its superiors, or of a few who deem themselves enlightened.'

As a first step, Sir John recommends that we adopt and restore the courts of Punjayet, of which we have the following brief notice:—

'Punjayets, though common in all parts of Central India, have differed in their form in every province. In some large cities, men whom the voice of the people had raised into consequence, as their defenders against misrule, were the mokhs, or presidents, and the leading members of the Punjayet court of associated judges. The numbers were increased as circumstances demanded, but there were always certain men from whom this duty was expected; who devoted themselves to it, and who looked to a reward in an augmentation of personal influence and reputation. This they frequently gained, and the applause and attachment of their fellow-citizens were always greatest when they were successful aids to good rule, or courageous opponents of bad. Their power of being the latter was very considerable. A recent instance occurred of a respected president of a Punjayet, determining, from his sense of an unjust measure, to leave a town; and between two and three hundred of its wealthy citizens so decidedly followed his example, that oppression was stopped in its career, and compelled to conciliate, by concession, an offended judge. In small towns and villages, the Punjayet is composed of men of certain offices, classes, and character.'



Sir John recommends a restoration of this court, and he says, 'it is rare that any native of India living under it can suffer injury or wrong; but still more rare that he can be encouraged or elevated by favour or distinction.' He recommends three several courts of Punjayet; one for arbitrating disputes—a second for civil causes, and a third for criminal causes. In conclusion, our author observes,—

'Many of the sentiments which have been stated in this work, and particularly in the last chapter, may be questioned by those who have not yet learned the wide distinction that exists between the British and Indian governments. It is quite impossible to impart the rights and the privileges of the one to the other without an entire change in its condition. That it is our duty to diffuse knowledge and truth, none will deny; but it is also our most imperative duty to exercise our best judgment as to the mode in which these blessings shall be diffused, so as to render them beneficial. Nor must we be diverted for one moment from our object by the clamour of those who, from only half understanding this great subject, seek to interest popular opinion and national pride and prejudices on the side of systems of speculative reform and rash innovations, as crude as they are dangerous. The relation of the natives of India to the English is that of a conquered people to its conquerors. Since we obtained sovereignty over them, we have greatly ameliorated their condition, and all rational means have been employed to promote their happiness, and to secure to them the benefits of good government. By premature efforts to accelerate the progress of the blessings it is our hope to impart, we shall not only hasten our own downfall, but replunge the natives of India into a state of greater anarchy and misery than that from which we relieved them. Let us, therefore, calmly proceed in a course of gradual improvement; and when our rule ceases, for cease it must (though probably at a remote period), as the natural consequence of our success in the diffusion of knowledge, we shall, as a nation, have the proud boast that we have preferred the civilization to the continued subjection of India. When our power is gone, our name will be revered; for we shall leave a moral monument more noble and imperishable than the hand of man ever constructed.'

Central India, by which appellation Malwa and the contiguous provinces are designated in the official records of the supreme government, comprises territory from twenty-one to twenty-five degrees north latitude, and from seventy-three to eighty east longitude. The description of the geography, soil, climate, and productions, we pass over, merely observing that, of the vegetable productions of Malwa, the poppy for opium is the principal, and that of this drug, 350,000 lbs. are annually produced.

The history of Malwa is involved in darkness and fable; after the Mahomedan conquest, it exhibited nothing but a series of troubles, and nearly lost its rank as a distinct division of ancient India. As an instance of what Baillie Mucklethrift would call 'the mutability of human affairs,' we may mention that Sir John Malcolm, when appointed to the command in Central India, fitted up one of the old palaces in Malwa for a residence during the hot weather: it was not only necessary to clear away the bushes and briars with which its rooms were overgrown, but a tigress and two cubs were driven off by the workmen, from the den into which they had converted one of the subterranean chambers of this once proud palace of kings.

The invasion of Malwa by the Mahrattas is dwelt on at some length; but to come to more modern times, we find the Mahratta chieftains, Holkar and Sindia, among the principal despoilers of Malwa:—

'Anund Row, after some vain efforts to preserve his territories, died. His power devolved on his widow, Meenah Bhye. This princess was pregnant when her husband died, and fearing the designs of Moraree Row, an illegitimate son of Jeswunt Row Puar, who had formed a party at Dhar, she went to Mandoo, where she was delivered of a son called Ramchunder Row Puar. This event gave strength to her cause; and the commandant of the fort of Dhar remaining faithful, obliged Moraree Row to have recourse to deceit. Meenah Bhye was persuaded by his professions of obedience and attachment, to come to the capital; but, instead of being permitted to proceed to the fort, was compelled to occupy a place in the town, where she was immediately besieged by the troops of her enemy, who even attempted to burn the house\* in which she and her adherents lived. But her spirit was not to be subdued. While this contest was carrying on, she exchanged her child with that of a peasant's wife, and, keeping the latter, she instructed the woman to carry the young raja to the fort, which was effected during the night. Moraree Row, the moment he discovered what had occurred, threatened vengeance; but the exulting mother told him he might wreak his rage on her as he pleased,—she was indifferent, now the prince who represented the family was be-

\* 'I listened with pleasure when at Dhar, in December, 1818, to the animated detail which Meenah Bhye gave me of those events. "Ask Bappoo Raghunauth," she said, "and others who are near you, what advice they gave me, when the house in which I lived was ready to be enveloped in flames. They intreated me to fly; but I told them I would remain where my honour required I should, and if the purpose of my enemy was accomplished, it would be a suttee (self-sacrifice) worthy of my late husband."

yond his power. She had sent the commandant a message, imploring him to defend her son to the last, and to be heedless of her fate. Moraree Row, after an unsuccessful attempt to take the fort, fled upon hearing that a body of troops from Guzerat were hastening to the relief of Meenah Bhye. The desperate condition of the principality had led the regent princess to apply every where for aid. Sindia (in spite of his having been the principal despoiler) was solicited to save the legitimate heir from ruin. The British government was courted, through the resident at Baroda, to interpose its protection. But it did not suit the convenience or policy of these states to interfere. The entreaties, danger, and spirited exertions of Meenah Bhye, at last interested her relations and friends in Guzerat so far, that a force under Succaram Chinnajee was sent to her support.'

Sir John Malcolm gives detailed accounts of the families of Sindia and Holkar. Another distinguished female, in addition to the one we have named, was Alia Bhye; she had a son named Mallee Row, whose death was very melancholy:—

'He had been always considered of weak and unsettled intellect, but no symptom of positive insanity had appeared before he came to the head of the government, when every action displayed it. His conduct was at first more marked by extremes of folly than of guilt. The life of his mother was devoted to acts of charity and benevolence, and she was particularly kind to Brahmins. This tribe became objects of Mallee Row's malicious ridicule. It was a common usage with him to place scorpions in clothes and slippers that he gave them; he also put these venomous reptiles in pots filled with rupees, which he invited the holy mendicants to take; and, when their eager cupidity caused them to be stung, his joy was as excessive as the grief of the pious Alia Bhye, who used to lament aloud her hard destiny, in having a perfect demon born to her as a son. The avowed sentiments of his wickedness, and his incapacity for government, have given rise to a report, that this admirable woman hastened the death of her own offspring. Every evidence proves this to be false, and his death is referred by all that have been interrogated (and among them many were on the spot when it occurred) to the same cause. He had slain, in a jealous fury, an embroiderer, who, he believed, had formed an intimacy with a female servant of his family. The innocence of the man was established, and remorse for the crime brought on so severe a paroxysm of madness in Mallee Row as to alarm all for his life. It is a confirmed belief with many of the natives of India, that departed spirits have, on some occasions, the power of seizing upon, and destroying the living. It was rumoured, that the embroiderer was a man with supernatural power, that he warned Mallee Row not to slay him, or he would take terrible vengeance; and the ravings of the latter were imputed to the person he had



murdered, and who, according to their preposterous belief, now haunted him in the form of a jin, or demon. Alia Bhye, satisfied of this fact, used to sit days and nights by the bed of her afflicted son, holding communion, as she thought, with the spirit that possessed him, and who spoke to her through his organs. She shed tears in abundance, and passed whole hours in prayer. In the hope of soothing the demon, she offered to build a temple to the deceased, and to settle an estate upon his family, if he would only leave her son. But all was vain;—a voice still seemed to answer, "He slew me innocent, and I will have his life." Such is the popular tale of the death of Mallee Row; an event that only merits notice as connected with the history of Alia Bhye, whom it compelled to come forward to save from ruin the interests of the family she represented, and to exhibit in the person of a female, that combined talent, virtue, and energy, which made her, while she lived, a blessing to the country over which she ruled, and has associated her memory with every plan of improvement, and just government in the province of Malwa.

'It is not common with the Hindus (unless in those provinces where they have learnt the degrading usage from their Mahomedan conquerors) to confine females, or to compel them to wear veils. The Mahrattas of rank (even the Brahmins) have, with few exceptions, rejected the custom, which is not prescribed by any of their religious institutions. Alia Bhye, therefore, offended no prejudice, when she took upon herself the direct management of affairs, and sat every day for a considerable period in open Durbar, transacting business. Her first principle of government appears to have been moderate assessment, and an almost sacred respect for the native rights of village officers and proprietors of lands. She heard every complaint in person, and although she continually referred causes to courts of equity and arbitration, and to her ministers, for settlement, she was always accessible; and so strong was her sense of duty, on all points connected with the distribution of justice, that she is represented as not only patient but unwearied in the investigation of the most insignificant causes, when appeals were made to her decision.

'Aware of the partiality which was to be expected from information supplied by members and adherents of the Holkar family, regarding Alia Bhye, facts were collected from other quarters to guard against the impressions, which the usual details of her administration are calculated to make. It was thought the picture had been overcharged with bright colours, to bring it more into contrast with the opposite system that has since prevailed in the countries she formerly governed; but, although enquiries have been made among all ranks and classes, nothing has been discovered to diminish the eulogiums, or rather blessings, which are poured forth whenever her name is mentioned. The more, indeed, enquiry is pursued, the more admiration is excited; but it appears above all extraordinary, how she had mental and bodily powers to go through

with the labours she imposed upon herself, and which from the age of thirty to that of sixty, when she died, were unremitted. The hours gained from the affairs of the state were all given to acts of devotion and charity; and a deep sense of religion appears to have strengthened her mind in the performance of her worldly duties. She used to say, that she "deemed herself answerable to God for every exercise of power;" and in the full spirit of a pious and benevolent mind was wont to exclaim, when urged by her ministers to acts of extreme severity, "Let us mortals beware how we destroy the works of the Almighty."

'From a very minute narrative, which has been obtained of Alia Bhye's daily occupations, it appears, that she rose one hour before daybreak to say her morning prayers, and perform the customary ceremonies. She then heard the sacred volumes of her faith read for a fixed period, distributed alms, and gave food, in person, to a number of Brahmins. Her own breakfast was then brought, which was always of vegetable diet; for, although the rules of her tribe did not require it, she had forsworn animal food. After breakfast she again went to prayers, and then took a short repose; after rising from which, and dressing herself, she went about two o'clock to her Durbar, or court, where she usually remained till six in the evening, and when two or three hours had been devoted to religious exercises and a frugal repast, business recommenced about nine o'clock, and continued until eleven, at which hour she retired to rest. This course of life, marked by prayer, abstinence, and labour, knew little variation, except what was occasioned by religious fasts and festivals (of which she was very observant,) and the occurrence of public emergencies.

'Indore, which she had raised from a village to a wealthy city, was always regarded by her with particular consideration. Many extraordinary instances of her maternal regard for its inhabitants are narrated. Tukajee Holkar, when encamped near it with the army, had desired (at the instigation of some interested persons) to share in the wealth of a rich banker who died without children. The wife of the deceased hastened to Mhy-sir, where she implored relief of Alia Bhye. Her story was listened to; a dress, which confirmed her as sole mistress of the house and property of her husband, was bestowed upon her; and Tukajee instantly received an order to march a short distance from Indore, and not to molest her city with unjust exactions. A ready obedience to the mandate made amends for the error of Tukajee, while the occurrence more endeared Alia Bhye to a town where her name is to this day not only revered, but adored.'

(To be continued.)

#### *Memoirs of Phillip de Comines.*

WITHOUT proceeding any farther in a formal review of this excellent work, we think we may quote a few passages that will form a pleasing page in this week's *Literary Chronicle*. Our extracts relate

to the indisposition of Louis XI. and to the strange fancies with which it was attended:—

'In the year 1470, in the month of March, a truce was concluded between the two princes; though the king was very solicitous for a peace, especially in those places I have mentioned, which would have proved very advantageous for his affairs. He began now to decline in his age, and to be subject to infirmity, and as he was sitting at dinner one day at Forges, near Chynon, he was seized on a sudden with a fit that took away his speech. Those who were about him took him from the table, held him to the fire, shut up the windows, and though he endeavoured to get to them for the benefit of the air, yet, imagining it for the best, they would not suffer him to stir. It was in March, 1479, when this fit seized upon him after this manner, which deprived him of his speech, understanding, and memory. It was your fortune, my Lord of Vienne, to be present at that time, and act the part of a physician; for having ordered him a glyster, and caused the windows to be opened to give him fresh air, he came a little to himself immediately, recovered his speech and his senses in some measure, and mounting on horseback, he returned to Forges, for he was taken with this fit in a small village about a quarter of a league off, whither he went to hear mass. He was diligently attended, and made signs for every thing he wanted: among other things, he desired the official of Tours to come and take his confession, and made signs that he should be sent for, for I was gone to Argenton, about ten leagues off: upon my return I found him at the table, and with him Monsieur Adam Fumée, (physician to the late King Charles, and at present master of the requests,) and one Monsieur Claude, another physician. He made signs that I should lie in his chamber; he understood little that was said to him, and his words were not intelligible; but he felt no manner of pain. I waited on him above a month at the table, and in his chamber as one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, which I took for a great honour, and it gave me great reputation. At the end of two or three days, he began to recover his speech and his senses; he fancied nobody understood him so clearly as myself, and, therefore, would have me always to attend him.'

'He was jealous of nothing so much as the loss of his regal authority, which was then very great; and he would not suffer his commands to be disobeyed in the most trivial point. On the other hand, he remembered that his father, King Charles, in the last fit of which he died, took a fancy that his courtiers had a mind to poison him, to make way for his son; and it made so deep an impression upon him, that he refused to eat; and by the advice of his physicians, and all the chief of his favourites, it was concluded he should be forced; and so, after a great deliberation, they forced victuals down his throat, upon which violence he died. King Louis having always con-



demned that way of proceeding, took it very heinously that they should use any violence with him, and yet he pretended to be more angry than he was; for the great matter that moved him was an apprehension that they would govern him in every thing else, and pretend he was unfit for the administration of public affairs, by reason of the imbecility of his senses.'

Louis was much afraid of his subjects, and took various precautions for his personal safety, which he thought endangered:—

'In the first place, nobody was admitted into Plessis du Parc, (which was the place where he kept himself,) but his domestic servants, and his archers, which were four hundred, some of which kept constant guard at the gate, while others walked continually about to prevent its being surprised. No lord nor person of quality was permitted to lie in the castle, nor to enter with any of his retinue; nor, indeed, did any of them come in, but the Lord de Beaujeu, the present Duke of Bourbon, who was his son-in-law. Round about the castle of Plessis he caused a lattice, or iron gate, to be set up, spikes of iron planted in the wall, and a kind of crows-feet, with several points, to be placed along the ditch, wherever there was a possibility for any person to enter. Besides which, he caused four watch-houses to be made all of thick iron, and full of holes, out of which they might shoot at their pleasure, and which were very noble, and cost above twenty thousand francs, in which he placed forty of his cross-bows, who were to be upon the guard night and day, with orders to let fly upon any man that offered to come near before the opening of the gate in the morning. He also persuaded himself that his subjects would be mighty fond of divesting him of his power, and taking the administration of affairs upon themselves, when they saw their opportunity; and, indeed, there were some persons about the court that consulted together how they might get in, and despatch those affairs which at present hung in suspense; but they durst not attempt it, and they acted wisely; for the king had provided against every thing. He often changed the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, and all the rest of his servants, alleging that nothing was more delightful to nature than novelty. For conversation, he only kept one or two with him, and those of inferior condition, and of no great reputation; who, if they had been wise, might well think, as soon as he was dead, the best they could expect would be to be turned out of all their employments; and so it happened. Those persons never acquainted him with any thing that was sent or writ to him, unless it concerned the preservation of the state, and defence of the kingdom; for he concerned not himself for any thing, but to live quietly and peaceably with all men. He gave his physician ten thousand crowns a month, and within the space of five months he received of his majesty above fifty-four thousand. He also promised large endowments to the church, but it was never

made good; for they were thought to have had too much already.'

'Among men renowned for devotion and sanctity of life, he sent into Calabria for one friar Robert, whom, for the holiness and purity of conversation, the king called the "Holy Man," and in honour to him our present king erected a monastery at Plessis-du-Parc, in compensation for the chapel near Plessis, at the end of the bridge. This hermit, at the age of twelve years, was put into a hole in a rock, where he lived three and forty years and upwards, till the king sent for him by the steward of his household, in the company of the Prince of Tarento, the King of Naples's son. But this hermit would not stir without leave from his holiness, and from his king, which was great discretion in a man so inexperienced in the affairs of the world as he was. He built two churches in the place where he lived; he never eat flesh, fish, eggs, milk, or any thing that was fat, since he undertook that austerity of life; and truly I never saw any man living so holy, nor out of whose mouth the Holy Ghost did more manifestly speak; for he was illiterate, and no scholar, and only had his Italian tongue, with which he made himself so much admired. This hermit passed through Naples, where he was respected, and visited (with as much pomp and ceremony as if he had been the pope's legate) both by the King of Naples and his children, with whom he conversed as if he had been all the days of his life a courtier. From thence he went to Rome, where he was visited by the cardinals, had audience three times of the pope, and was every time alone with him three or four hours; sitting always in a rich chair placed on purpose for him, (which was great honour for a person in his private capacity,) and answering so discreetly to every thing that was asked him, that every body was extremely astonished at it, and his holiness granted him leave to erect a new order, called the Hermits of St. Francis. From Rome he came to our king, who paid him the same adoration as he would have done to the pope himself, falling down upon his knees before him, and begging him to prolong his life: he replied as a prudent man ought. I have heard him often in discourse with the king that now is, in the presence of all the nobility of the kingdom, and that not above two months ago, and it seemed to me, whatever he said or remonstrated was done by inspiration; or else it was impossible for him to have spoken of some things that he discoursed of. He is still living, and may grow either better or worse, and therefore I will say nothing. There were some of the courtiers that made a jest of the king's sending for this hermit, and called him the "Holy Man" by way of banter; but they knew not the thoughts of that wise king, and had not seen what it was that induced him to do it.

'Our king was at Plessis, with little company but his archers, and the jealousies mentioned before, against which he had carefully provided; for he left no person, of whom he had any suspicion, either in town or country; but he sent his archers not only to

warn but to conduct them away. No business was communicated to him but what was of great importance, and highly concerned him. To look upon him, one would have thought him rather a dead than a living man. He was grown so lean, it was scarce credible; his clothes were now richer and more magnificent than they had ever been before; his gowns were all of crimson satin, lined with rich martens' furs, of which he gave to several, without being demanded; for no person durst ask a favour, or scarce speak to him of any thing. He inflicted very severe punishments for fear of losing his authority, as he told me himself. He removed officers, disbanded soldiers, retrenched pensions, and sometimes took them away quite; so that, as he told me not many days before his death, he passed away his time in making and ruining men, which he did in order to be talked of more than any of his predecessors, and that his subjects might take notice he was not yet dead; for few were admitted into his presence, (as I said before,) and when they heard of his vagaries, nobody could easily believe he was sick. He had agents in all foreign courts. In England, their business was to carry on the treaty of marriage, and pay King Edward and his ministers of state their pensions very punctually. In Spain, their instructions were to amuse that court with fair words, and to distribute presents as they found it necessary for the advancement of his affairs. In remoter countries, where he had no mind his indisposition should be known, he caused fine horses or mules to be bought at any rate whatever; but this was not in France. He had a mighty curiosity for dogs, and sent into foreign countries for them: into Spain for one sort; into Bretagne for another; to Valentia for a third; and bought them dearer than the people asked. He sent into Sicily to buy a mule of a private officer of that country, and paid him double the value. At Naples, he caused all the horses and strange creatures to be bought up that could be found, and a sort of lions in Barbary, no bigger than a fox, which he called adits. He sent into Sweden and Denmark for two sorts of beasts those countries afforded; one of them called an elk, of the shape of a stag, and the bigness of a buffalo, with short and thick horns; the other, called rengiers, of the shape and colour of a fallow deer, but their heads much larger; for each of which he gave the merchants four thousand five hundred Dutch florins. Yet, when all these rarities were brought to him, he never valued them, and many times would not so much as see the persons who brought them to court. In short, he behaved himself after so strange and tyrannical a manner, that he was more formidable, both to his neighbours and subjects, than he had ever been before; and indeed that was his design, and the motive which induced him to act so unaccountably.'

We have already thrown out a hint that a republication of our English Chronicles, on an economical plan, like the 'Memoirs of De Comines,' would



be acceptable to the public; we hope the success of the present work will stimulate the spirited publishers to adopt it.

*Mémorial de Sainte Hélène. Journal of the private Life and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena.* By the COUNT DE LAS CASES. Parts vii. and viii. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1823.

(Continued from page 566.)

THE opinions of so great a master in the art of war as Napoleon on the heroes of antiquity could scarcely fail of being interesting, particularly as he cannot be suspected of prejudices or partialities, which might be imputed to him while speaking of his rivals or contemporaries. On this subject we should have rather thought of consulting the memoirs dictated to Generals Gourmand and Montholon, since they are more purely military than the journal of Count Las Cases; but we find that Napoleon occasionally gave his opinion on the warriors of old to the count, who has carefully recorded them. Napoleon said,—

“No series of great actions is the mere work of chance and fortune; it is always the result of reflection and genius. Great men rarely fail in the most perilous undertakings. Look at Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal, the great Gustavus, and others; they always succeeded. Were they great men merely because they were fortunate? No; but because, being great men, they possessed the art of commanding fortune. When we come to inquire into the causes of their success, we are astonished to find that they did every thing to obtain it.

“Alexander, when scarcely beyond the age of boyhood, with a mere handful of brave troops, conquered a quarter of the globe. But was this achievement the result of a mere accidental irruption, a sort of unexpected deluge? No; all was profoundly calculated, boldly executed, and prudently managed. Alexander proved himself at once a distinguished warrior, politician, and legislator. Unfortunately, on attaining the zenith of glory and success, his head was turned, and his heart corrupted. He commenced his career with the mind of Trajan; but he closed it with the heart of Nero, and the manners of Heliogabalus.” The emperor here described the campaigns of Alexander, in such a manner as enabled me to view the subject in a totally new light.

“Alluding to Cæsar, the emperor remarked, that he, the reverse of Alexander, had commenced his career at an advanced period of life; that his youth had been passed in indolence and vice; but that he had ultimately evinced the most active and elevated mind. He thought him one of the most amiable characters in history. “Cæsar,” observed he, “overcame the Gauls, and the laws of his country. But his great warlike achieve-

ments must not be attributed merely to chance and fortune.” Here he analyzed the victories of Cæsar, as he had done those of Alexander.

“Hannibal,” continued the emperor, “is perhaps the most surprising character of any, from the intrepidity, confidence, and grandeur, evinced in all his enterprises. At the age of twenty-six, he conceived what is scarcely conceivable, and executed what must have been looked upon as impossible. Renouncing all communication with his country, he marched through hostile or unknown nations, which he was obliged to attack and subdue. He crossed the Pyrenees and the Alps, which were presumed to be impassable, and descended upon Italy, sacrificing the half of his army for the mere acquisition of his field of battle, the mere right of fighting. He occupied and governed Italy for the space of sixteen years, being several times within a hair’s breadth of possessing himself of Rome, and only relinquished his prey when his enemies, profiting by the lesson he had set them, marched to attack the Carthaginian territory. Can it be supposed that Hannibal’s glorious career and achievements were the mere result of chance, and fortune’s favours? Certainly, Hannibal must have been endowed with great vigour of mind, and he must also have possessed a vast consciousness of his own skill in the art of war, when, being interrogated by his youthful conqueror, he hesitated not to place himself, though subdued, next in rank to Alexander and Pyrrhus, whom he esteemed as the first of warriors.

“All the great captains of antiquity,” continued Napoleon, “and those who in modern times have successfully retraced their footsteps, performed vast achievements, only by conforming with the rules and principles of the art; that is to say, by correct combinations, and by justly comparing the relation between means and consequences, efforts and obstacles. They succeeded only by the strict observance of these rules, whatever may have been the boldness of their enterprises, or the extent of the advantages gained. They invariably practised war as a science. Thus they have become our great models, and it is only by closely imitating them, that we can hope to come near them.

“My greatest successes have been ascribed merely to good fortune; and my reverses will no doubt be imputed to my faults. But if I should write an account of my campaigns, it will be seen that in both cases, my reason and faculties were exercised in conformity with principles.”

“He made many remarks on Eugène, Marlborough, Vendôme, &c. Frederick the Great, he said, was in all respects a super-excellent tactician, and possessed the art of rendering his troops absolute machines. “How often,” said he, “men’s characters prove to be totally different from what their early actions indicate! Do they themselves know what they really are? Frederick,” continued he, “at the commencement of his career took to flight, in the very face of victory; and, certainly the whole of his sub-

sequent history, proves him to have been the most intrepid, most tenacious, and coolest of men.”

The count tells us, what few people do not already know, that Bonaparte was fond of conscriptions. ‘By means of conscriptions,’ said he, ‘the nation was classed according to its real interests for defence abroad and tranquillity at home. Organized, built up in this way, the French people might have defied the world, and might with justice have renewed the saying of the proud Gauls: ‘If the sky should fall, we will keep it up with our lances.’

Napoleon was an enemy to law-suits, which he said were an absolute leprosy, a social cancer. He said he had no hopes of preventing quarrelling, but he thought he might have prevented a third party in society from living on the quarrels of the two others, and even stirring up disputes to promote their own interest. It was his intention to have established a rule, that lawyers should never receive fees, except when they gained causes.

Napoleon’s opinion of English ministers is more severe than just: though he is sometimes pretty correct. Lord Liverpool he considered as the most worthy man in the English ministry; Lord Sidmouth ‘a worthy man enough,’ but possessing ‘no great share of understanding—one of those honest block-heads, who, with the utmost sincerity, concurs in all sorts of mischief.’ Of Earl Bathurst, to whom he attributes all his vexations at St. Helena, Bonaparte appears to have spoken in terms so harsh that the count did not venture to write them, and we are left to fill up the blanks as we can, when he calls the noble earl ‘the most . . . . ., the most . . . . ., the most . . . . ., of men.’ On Lord Castlereagh, he is not less severe; his character of this statesman, whom he calls the ape of Pitt, is nothing but a tirade, which we do not choose to quote.

Bonaparte reproaches the Duke of Wellington with suffering Ney to perish; and we are sorry that our great captain should have given cause for such an imputation, since it is more magnanimous to save than to sacrifice. Speaking of the duke, and the battle of Waterloo, he says,

“W . . . . .’s troops were admirable, but his plans were despicable; or, I should rather say, that he formed none at all. He had placed himself in a situation, in which it was impossible he could form any; and, by a curious chance, this very circumstance saved him. If he could have commenced a retreat, he must infallibly have been lost. He certainly remained master of the



field of battle; but was his success the result of his skill? He has reaped the fruit of a brilliant victory; but did his genius prepare it for him? His glory is wholly negative. His faults were enormous. He, the European generalissimo, in whose hands so many interests were intrusted, and having before him an enemy so prompt and daring as myself, left his forces dispersed about, and slumbered in a capital until he was surprised. And yet such is the power of fatality. In the course of three days, I three times saw the destiny of France and of Europe escape my grasp.

"In the first place, but for the treason of a general, who deserted from our ranks, and betrayed my designs, I should have dispersed and destroyed all the enemy's detached parties before they could have combined themselves into army corps.

"Next, had it not been for the unusual hesitations of Ney at Quatre-Bras, I should have annihilated the whole English army.

"Finally, on my right, the extraordinary manœuvres of Grouchy, instead of securing victory, completed my ruin, and hurled France into the abyss.

"No," continued he, "W. . . . . possesses only a special kind of talent: Berthier also had his! In this he perhaps excels. But he has no ingenuity; fortune has done more for him than he has done for her. How different from Marlborough, of whom he seems to consider himself as the rival and equal. Marlborough, while he gained battles, ruled cabinets and guided statesmen; as for W. . . . ., he has only shewn himself capable of following the views and plans of C. . . . . Madame de Stael said of him, that when out of the field of battle, he had not two ideas. The saloons of Paris, so distinguished for delicacy and correctness of taste, at once decided that Madame de Stael was in the right; and the French plenipotentiary at Vienna confirmed that opinion. His victories, their result, and their influence, will rise in history; but his name will fall, even during his lifetime."

Intending to resume these volumes once more, we shall for the present conclude with a few miscellaneous anecdotes:—

"Napoleon, during his military career, fought sixty battles; Cæsar fought but fifty.

"It was asked one day, in Napoleon's presence, how it happened that misfortunes that were yet uncertain often distressed us more than miseries that had already been suffered. "Because," observed the emperor, "in the imagination, as in calculation, the power of what is unknown is *incommensurable*."

"After having given one an important mission, or traced out the plan of any great enterprise, the emperor used frequently to say, "Come, sir, be speedy; use despatch; and do not forget that the world was created in six days."

"On an occasion of this kind, he concluded by observing to the individual whom he was addressing, "Ask me for whatever you please, except *time*: that's the only thing that is beyond my power."

"On another occasion, Napoleon commissioned a person to execute some important business, which he expected would be finished in the course of the same day. It was not, however, completed until late on the following day. At this, the emperor manifested some degree of dissatisfaction; and the individual, in the hope of excusing himself, said that he had worked all day. "But had you not the night also?" replied Napoleon.

"The emperor directed particular attention to the improvement and embellishment of the markets of the capital. He used to say, "The market-place is the Louvre of the common people."

"Speaking of military eloquence, the emperor said, "When, in the heat of the battle, passing along the line, I used to exclaim, 'Soldiers, unfurl your banners, the moment is come,' our Frenchmen absolutely leapt for joy. I saw them multiply a hundred fold. I then thought nothing impossible."

"Many of Napoleon's military harangues are well known. The following has been communicated to me by an individual who heard it on the spot. When reviewing the 2d regiment of horse chasseurs at Lobenstein, two days before the battle of Jena, Napoleon, addressing the colonel, said: "How many men are there here?"—"Five hundred," replied the colonel; "but there are many raw troops among them."—"What signifies that," said the emperor in a tone which denoted surprise at the observation, "are they not all Frenchmen?"—Then turning to the regiment, "My lads," said he, "you must not fear death. When soldiers brave death, they drive him into the enemy's ranks." He here made a motion with his arm expressive of the action to which he alluded. At these words a sudden movement among the troops, accompanied by a murmur of enthusiasm, seemed to foretell the memorable victory of Rosbach, which took place forty-eight hours after.

"At the battle of Lutzen the army was chiefly composed of conscripts, who had never been in any engagement. It is said that, in the heat of the action, Napoleon rode along the rear of the third rank of infantry, supporting and encouraging the young troops. "This is nothing, my lads," said he, stand firm. France has her eye on you. Shew that you can die for your country."

"The emperor, alluding to one of his decisions, remarked:—"I could do nothing in that case, I suffered myself to be moved, and I yielded. There I was wrong: a statesman's heart should be in his head."

"Napoleon observed that the physical faculties of men were strengthened by their dangers or wants: "Thus," said he, "the Bedouin of the desert has the piercing sight of the lynx; and the savage of the forest has the keen scent of wild animals."

"Nature," said the Emperor, "seems to have calculated that I should have to endure great reverses; for she has given me a mind of marble. Thunder cannot rattle it; the shaft merely glides along."

(To be concluded in our next.)

*Letter to Sir John Cox Hipplesley, Bart., on the Mischiefs incidental to the Tread Wheel, as an Instrument of Prison Discipline.* By JOHN MASON GOOD, M. D. F. R. S. 12mo. pp. 24. London, 1823.

THIS Letter is a reprint from Sir John Cox Hipplesley's work on prison discipline, which has been already reviewed in *The Literary Chronicle*. We certainly are no friends to the tread-mill as an instrument of prison labour, but we have some doubts that the clamours against it are altogether called for. It may be true that, after a few days' work on the tread-mill, the labour ceases to be a punishment to some; that one or two others may have employed themselves in knitting, or that a sailor may have used his hands in making straw hats while his feet were employed in treading the wheel; yet these facts are not decisive against the tread-mill, which we believe has proved a terror to many culprits.

Dr. Good, however, rests his opposition on stronger ground—that of the tread-wheel being injurious to health: and, contradictory as the evidence before parliamentary committees has been, we think there is no doubt that this machine is seriously prejudicial, in many cases, to the constitution. Another objection to the tread-mill is, that it creates no habit of industry, nor teaches any art or mode of labour. Dr. Good's Letter displays much good sense, and details some curious facts, relating to prison labour and prison discipline which are worthy of attention.

*Influence and Example; or, the Recluse: a Tale.* By the Author of 'Dangerous Errors.' 12mo. pp. 236. London, 1823.

WHEN an author is so modest as to disavow all aspiring to obtain fame, and to disclaim all attempts to court applause, and declares, moreover, that he will consider himself to have met with indulgence if he escape censure, he disarms criticism, since, according to Pope, critics as well as readers should—

"In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,  
Since none can compass more than they intend;

And, if the means be just, the conduct true,  
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due."

'Influence and Example' forms a natural domestic tale of such events of human life as are neither extravagant nor strictly common-place; the style is pleasing and the object of the tale purely moral.



## CASANOVA.

WE had intended to extract, if possible, a few more anecdotes from these Memoirs, but find none at all striking; as with respect to incidents, if we except the interesting account given of the author's imprisonment in the Piombi, at Venice, which has already been given to the public in an abridged form, there is hardly one which a regard to decency would permit us to transcribe; yet, in order to shew of what nature are the adventures forming the principal features in a work which a respectable journal has not scrupled to recommend for translation, although it has forborne to introduce any of the prominent articles into its own columns, we shall give a slight outline of one of the hero's intrigues.

Casanova becomes acquainted with a lovely young creature, about fourteen years of age, and of a good family, whom he designates by the initials C. C. The simplicity and ingenuousness of this amiable girl soon render her the victim of his seductions, yet he is still really attached to her, and actually intends to marry her as soon as circumstances will permit; but her father, not aware of what has taken place, and not approving the match, sends his daughter to a convent at Murano. Here her lover visits her, and is for some time happy in being able to view her at the gate; an event, however, shortly occurs, that puts an end to this platonic kind of amour. Casanova's constant attendance in the church of the convent had attracted the attention of one of the nuns, who, it turns out, is as little of a vestal as can well be imagined. This sister, regardless of any little punctilio, forthwith makes an assignation with him; and almost immediately afterwards appoints, as their place of rendezvous, an elegant casino, to which, it seems, she is in the habit of resorting, to meet her lover, the abbé, afterwards Cardinal Bernis, then the French ambassador at Venice, whose power commanded the secrecy so necessary to enable a nun to quit her convent. In this paphian bower of revelry, Casanova forgets the attachment he has vowed to C. C., and gives himself up, without compunction, to voluptuousness and this accomplished syren, who much more resembles an Armida than one who has taken the vow of chastity. But though the lady displays so much passion for her new paramour, it must not be supposed that she is unfaithful to her prior one, or that her attachment to him has abated; no such thing; she is above those idle pre-

judices and those narrow principles which would restrain affection to an individual object. She assures Casanova, that the abbé has too much generosity to thwart their mutual passion; that he even approves it; nay, more, that, secreted in an adjoining cabinet, he has, through a secret aperture contrived for the purpose, witnessed with his own eyes their mutual transports! Casanova has the grace to be somewhat startled at this strange proof of his excellency's complaisance; and, indeed, it would appear incredible, were we not afterwards informed, that among the elegant furniture of this impure retreat, were a *select* collection of books of the principal writers against the Christian religion, and folios filled with obscene drawings and bawdy prints. With this key to their characters, our astonishment at their conduct ceases, for we can affix no limits to the liberality of nuns who study atheism, or to the condescension of rivals who have a taste for obscene exhibitions. Afterwards, when his excellency is obliged to depart for Vienna, on affairs of diplomacy, and to withdraw from his fair vestal the influence of that authority which enabled her nightly to quit her convent for the casino, he generously makes her a present of the latter and all its rich and voluptuous furniture, with the exception of the aforesaid folios, which he retains for himself.

The preceding is but a slight and imperfect sketch of this amour, yet it will serve to convince every one what gross pictures of depravity and impurity are contained in a work which has been extolled as highly interesting for the eminent personages to which it introduces us. But the value of the information contained in it is much more than counterbalanced by the profligacy and licentiousness which it records. Nor can we conceive that any thing but the most morbid and preposterous vanity could have induced a man to record of himself acts of turpitude which a regard for the interests of morality would rather have buried in profound silence. Such confessions are not the confessions of penitence. After the force of the passions has subsided, and at the close of a long life devoted to pleasure, a man may be willing to make some reparation to society, and be desirous of warning others from pursuing a similar course of error; but will he speak of his criminal indulgences as Casanova has done? Will he, instead of holding them up to reprobation, and exhibiting them stripped of the illusive gloss which

passion casts over them, pourtray them in alluring colours, and with all the complacency of a mind still attached to them? assuredly not. A warm temperament and youthful passions may excite a man to excesses which, in his cooler moments, he may regret; but it can be neither temperament nor passion that impels a man at the termination of a life of unrestrained indulgence to devote its last years to give to the world an impure narrative. Nor are such the lessons that can warn the young and imprudent from the snares which lurk beneath the flowers of voluptuousness. How much more eloquent and impressive was the lesson which poor Jack Astley left the world in one brief exclamation. He had been, throughout life, what is termed a particularly fortunate man: of elegant manners and captivating person, he had been a favoured lover with the fair sex, and the life of the gay circles in which he moved. His marriage with a lady of rank rendered him master of a fortune which enabled him to indulge in all the elegances of luxury and art. And yet he acknowledged with a sigh, that a life of pleasure and enjoyment had not been a life of happiness. 'Had I to live over again,' said he, 'what a different man I would be!'

But if we proceed at this rate, we are afraid that we shall be taxed, by some persons, of being guilty of what we are assured are the besetting sins of the present generation—canting and hypocrisy\*; for, according to their reasoning, no man can express any regard for decency of language and decorum of conduct without being insincere. Lord Byron comes as the apostle of indecency, and tells us, with a scrap of Voltaire in his mouth, 'Plus les mœurs sont dépravées, plus les expressions deviennent mesurées;' wishing us thereby to understand, that the more such poetry as 'Don Juan' is studied, the more pure in morals and correct in taste is the rising generation likely to prove. But we stoutly deny the truth of this precious aphorism: it is false to assert that depravity of manners is an effect of a regard for exterior decency. It is, indeed, certain, that as society advances in refinement, men will reject, as coarse and indelicate, many expressions and actions that were regarded as indifferent by a less polished eye, and yet make

\* There are other species of canting than those inveighed against by Lord Byron. The cant of infidelity, and the cant of libertinism and lewdness are as abominable and as disgusting as any.



not a commensurate advance in real morality. What, then?—Are we, therefore, to forego the advantages we have derived from advanced civilization, because we have not already benefitted so much as we ought? To suppose that by now adopting the coarseness and vices of former periods, we should thereby regain some of their good qualities, is absolute stultification: we might just as well hope, by going naked, to regain the state of innocency of our first parents; or by affecting to talk the puerile nonsense of childhood, to recover the graces and charms of that age. It is most monstrous to suppose that society can possibly be pushed back. Would the age of chivalry be restored by men taking it into their heads to arm themselves cap-a-pié? Just as much as ancient Rome was restored in France, when the nation, in a masquerading fit, got up a republic, and Citoyens and Têtes à la Brutus were the order of the day.

Besides, with the permission of those gentlemen who would so fain persuade us to adopt their *restorative*, we do not altogether think so highly of the morality of those good old times, when there was such an enviable licence of expression, nor so very ill of that of the present age, canting as it may be. A little acquaintance with history reconciles us somewhat to the world as it goes. 'But,' say these gentlemen,—and here they think that they convict us at once of the grossest hypocrisy,—'you unreservedly admit into your libraries such writers as Boccaccio, Ariosto, Chaucer, Dryden, &c., not to mention the classics, all of whom indulge in expressions which would offend your delicacy if uttered by us.' Very true; but we admire them for their good qualities, not for their indecencies; nor do we believe that, to readers in general, these defects constitute their attraction; on the contrary, readers of real taste must ever lament that so much excellence should be sullied by grossness. But the defect is rather that of the age than of the individual; and expressions, coarse in themselves, do not always appear to have been the result of a depraved imagination. We, however, have happily escaped from this vicious taste; we have purified our national literature from the profligacy of the age of Charles II., and shall we, therefore, out of complaisance to the author of 'Don Juan,' or any other author who chooses to write depravedly, go back to that dissolute period? This would be consistency with a vengeance. No sooner have we

corrected an evil, than we are pleasantly told that we ought to return to it; and have former errors quoted as precedents for future ones.

We think, too, that the danger to be apprehended from older writers is comparatively little. The great body of the reading population has but little time to bestow upon the literature of a former age, and those who devote themselves to study are not altogether persons whose morals and principles are likely to be endangered by the perusal of such authors as we have above named. But it is of the utmost importance to the interests of society, that the great current of literature, which floats through it, be kept as little defiled as possible. We dissent, *toto cælo*, from those who think that, because it is impossible to suppress noxious works altogether, or put them out of the reach of the higher classes, they should be rendered accessible and familiar to all;—because, at its original price, 'Don Juan' was likely to be known only to a few voluptuaries, that it should now be offered at a sum that put it into the hand of every school-boy—every servant and apprentice. If the law either will not or cannot touch such publications, let us hope, that any one bearing the name of man will disdain the degradation of announcing himself as a pander to vice. We should like to see popular indignation take the same sort of summary vengeance upon one of these miscreants that it sometimes does upon a bawd; whose calling is, after all, less extensively pernicious.

Books holding up examples of successful profligacy, cannot but be dangerous to the young and unwary. They do not see that those who wage war with the interests of society must be regarded as its enemies, and treated accordingly. Here and there circumstances may cast a sort of splendour over immorality, and some may find prostitution a brief road to power and wealth, yet what, alas, are these to the millions that find it nothing but degradation and infamy, misery and remorse, despair and death? Fontenelle has said that there were two things indispensable to happiness,—'un bon estomac et un mauvais cœur'; we may, in like manner, say that, in order to be a voluptuary, a man ought to have warm passions and a cold heart; nor is Casanova to be considered as an example against this opinion.

### Original.

#### THE SHAKSPEARIAN DRAMA.

##### ROMEO AND JULIET.

THIS matchless picture of ardent, unrestrained, and innocent love, wandering through the deepest recesses of the heart, still deservedly holds the first place in the collection of the connoisseur. It has all the rich imagination and glowing fancy of the Greek and Roman poets, without lapsing into that coarseness which occasionally mars the excellence of those writers, and combines the taste and polish of the moderns without their jejuneness and insipidity.

What a well of deep and pure philosophy must the mind of Shakspeare have been! what a fountain of noble and generous feeling! what an epitome of all the capacities of human nature was the heart of that inspired writer!—There is scarcely a vice or a virtue, a passion or a weakness, a train of thought or a tone of feeling, that he has not developed or illustrated: from the grasping ambition of Richard to the yielding imbecility of Lady Anne; from the glowing fire of the jealous Moor, to the pensive melancholy of Denmark's Prince; from the wild and lofty imaginings of the sublime Lear, to the courtier-like inanity of Polonius; all have been laid open to view. The brilliant rays of his genius have penetrated the dark foldings and exposed the frailties of the human heart; his nervous hand has torn away the curtain from before them, and exhibited, as warnings or examples, the most noble or the most degraded of our species.

It was reserved for his *Romeo and Juliet*, however, to reveal one of the brightest and most sunny spots in all that is natural or lovely: amidst the dreary waste of speculative caution, it seems even more fair and beautiful. The freedom with which Juliet confesses her passion to Romeo is the most sublime and delicate conception which any author has formed on the effects of love, in a heart so pure, so innocent, and sensitive. Her Romeo is her all of hope or happiness, she lives only for him, and resolved to purchase at any price the object of her fond heart's idolatry, she determines to give up friends, family, and home, and all that before was dear or estimable.—With Romeo to—

'Wander heart-link'd,  
Through the busy world,  
Like birds in eastern story.'

The artlessness of her confession exhibits at once the strength and purity



of her affection. The sentiments and ideas all flow from the same eternal spring, and are refined by the glowing intensity of the same mighty genius, teeming with the fairest flowers of poesy, and producing, in abundance, the choicest fruits of an exalted and delicate sensibility.

Though the passion of love has been introduced and partially developed, under various modifications, in many of the Shakspearian dramas, in this alone does it shine in bright and undivided splendour; this was his great sacrifice on the altar of Venus, and never did a flame of more pure or more intense ardour exhale its incense within that sacred fane. It would, indeed, have been an anomaly, if love had not found an advocate in such a poet as Shakspeare; and how triumphant has been his vindication of that potent passion; how sublimated, how delicate, his conception of what its effects should be.—Let those who libel love, who ridicule it as the vain dream of boyish enthusiasm, or revile it as the excess of sensuality, let them read *Romeo and Juliet*, and confess their own grossness and stupidity.—Let them view it in all its intensity and splendour, rising like the glorious sun, amidst clouds and vapour, illuminating and cheering all things in the moral world with the lustre and warmth of its beams, and soaring to an elevation amongst the loftiest attributes, the noblest, the proudest, and the most exalted feelings of humanity. Ardent as are the sensations, and vigorous as are the energies of love, it is still unencumbered with the vehemence, the coarse and hard features, the rigid unrelenting violence, of such passions as ambition, hatred, or revenge.—That tenderness, which forms an essential part of it, which is, indeed, all of love that is most lovely, silences the thunder of the storm, calms the impetuosity of the torrent, and conducts it into the channels of bright and sportive fancy. Shakspeare well knew this, and he has most artfully and elegantly contrived to unite the playful frolics of a lively imagination with emotions of the most fervid tenderness. This is fully exemplified in the first garden interview of the lovers: the very puerilities of their fondness constitute a range of beauties, from the feeling with which they are associated, as the dark vapours of the night, in a certain atmosphere, become luminous meteors; whilst the lustrous ideas with which this admirable play abounds, admit of no metaphor sufficiently illustrative, except we imagine the effect of

diamonds set in amber, almost translucent as the gem itself. The notion of 'cutting' a man 'out into little stars' may, perhaps, appear in itself childish and ridiculous: but, when we hear it as the breathing of Juliet's fond heart, viewing her Romeo as all that earth contains of heaven's perfection, and delighting to contemplate him under any form of loveliness, the enthusiasm of her soul inspires a vigour into her thoughts and expressions, and we have felt, that we would fain be 'cut out into little stars,' to be gazed on with such fondness. Not only the exquisite sensibility, but the exalted and impassioned energy, the devotion of love, are fully displayed in this tragedy. The frightful expedient of undergoing a simulated death, and a real inhumation, to which Juliet has recourse, for the sake of a re-union with Romeo, and the immediate determination which he takes to die, when he learns that Juliet is no more, are most striking instances of the singleness of heart, the entire devotedness which love in its most exalted sense comprises. It is there that the gossamer wings of tenderness spread into the powerful pinions of passion, and, emerging from the light and sunny region of the beautiful, soar into the sublime.

Italy was the favourite soil of Shakspeare; the scene of half his plays are laid in that garden of Europe, but no one of them has half the Italianism of *Romeo and Juliet*; and this is, perhaps, attributable to the circumstance of the story being originally Italian, which inspired our author with the wish of giving to his plot the features of locality. The masquerade,—the rambling and freaks of the gay young revellers, on their return from that entertainment,—the irruption of Romeo into the garden of Capulet,—his long stay there,—Juliet's coming at such an hour to sit in the balcony,—all give one an idea of a night passed beneath an Italian sky; whilst the fascinating tenderness, the impassioned converse of the lovers, their almost delirious happiness, the quickening pulse, and unconscious sigh, infusing a perfume and a warmth even into the chill air of midnight, emphatically proclaim the universal and eternal power of that blind deity, who has led princes and potentates in chains, and who reigns alike in the bosom of the peasant and the peer, all powerful and supreme, the monarch of the heart.

M.

## Biography.

### TAM O'SHANTER.

WE have already noticed the death of the hero of Burns's inimitable poem of 'Tam O'Shanter,' but we are sure the following additional particulars, which have appeared in the 'Glasgow Journal,' will be read with interest by all the admirers of that charming poem:—

'Thomas Reid was born in Kyle of Ayrshire. His first entrance into active life was in the capacity of plough-boy to William Burns, the father of the poet, whom Thomas described as a man of great capacity, as being very fond of an argument, of rigid morals, and a strict disciplinarian—so much so, that when the labours of the day were over, the whole family sat down by the blazing "ha' ingle;" and upon no pretence whatever could any of the family leave the house after night. This was a circumstance that was not altogether to Thomas's liking. He had heard other plough-boys, with rapture, recount scenes of rustic jollity, which had fallen in their way, while out on nocturnal visits to the fair daughters or servant girls of the neighbouring farmers—scenes of which he was practically ignorant. And more: he had become acquainted with a young woman he had met at Maybole Fair, and having promised to call upon her at her father's house, owing to his master's regularity of housekeeping, he had found it totally impracticable.

'To have one night's sport was his nightly and daily study for a long time. It so happened that his mistress, about this time, was brought to bed. Thomas hailed the bustle of that happy period, as a fit time to compass his long meditated visit. Mrs. Burns lay in the *spence*. The gossips were met around the kitchen fire listening to the howling of the storm which raged without, and thundered down the chimney. It was a January blast. Thomas kept his eye upon his master, who, with clasped "hands and uplifted eyes, sat in the muckle chair in the ingle neuk," as if engaged in supplication at a throne of grace for the safety of his wife and child. Thomas drew his chair nearer the door and upon some little bustle in the kitchen, he reached the hallan, and was just emerging into darkness, when the hoarse voice of the angry Burns rung in the ears of the almost petrified plough-boy: "Whare awa' Tam?" "The auld doure whalp," muttered Tam, as he shut the door and resumed his stocking, "I was gaun to the door to see if this win' was turring the thack aff the riggin." "Thou needsna gang to look the night," cried the rigid overseer of Doonholm, "whan it is sae mirk, thou couldna' see thy finger afore thee." It was indeed "a waefu nicht." Such a night as this might give rise to these admirable lines of that bard, about to be ushered into the world:—

"That night a child might understand  
The deil had business on his hand."

'It was a little before the now pensive



and thoughtful Burns was given to understand that a son was born unto him, as:—

"The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;" that a horrid crash was heard—a shriek rose from the affrighted women as they drew their chairs nearer the fire. "The ghaists and howlets that nightly cry about the ruins o' Alloway's auld haunted kirk," rose on every imagination. The guideman rose from his chair, lighted a lantern, commanded Thomas to follow him, and left the house. The case was this,—the gable of the byre had been blown down, which, as it was of his own building, was not of the most durable nature.

"In due time the joyful father had his first-born son laid in his arms,—his joy knew no bounds. The bicker was now sent round with increasing rapidity, and Thomas, then in his fourteenth year, was carried to his bed, to use his own words, "between the late and the early, in a guid way, for the first time." Such was the birth-night of the poet.

"How long Thomas Reid remained in the service of Wm. Burns is uncertain. It appears, however, that he was with him when Robert went first to plough, as Thomas has repeatedly told, as an instance of Burns's early addiction to reading, that he has seen him go to, and return from ploughing, with a book in his hand; and at meal-times, "*suping his parritch*" with one hand and holding the book in the other.

"It would appear that he had, in process of time, got better acquainted with his sweet-heart at Maybole Fair, for he married her. It was on this occasion that he took the Shanter farm, which, with the assistance of his father-in-law, he stocked and furnished. But fortune went against him,—

"His cattle died and blighted was his corn," and an unfortunate friend, for whom he had become security for 150*l.* failed. Under such a load of ill, he, like many others, sought for consolation in the "*yill caup*;" and any errand which served as a pretext to visit the town of Ayr, renewed his worship to the "*inspiring bold John Barleycorn*," and he usually returned, like the Laird of Snotterson—

"O'er a' the ills o' life victorious."

"But Thomas had many a domestic squabble. His wife, naturally not of the sweetest temper, was doubly soured by the misfortunes of the world and the dissipation of her help-mate, and often when Tam—

"Was gettin' fu' and unco happy," she sat at home,—

"Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm."

She, like too many in that district at that time, was very superstitious. Thomas took her by the weak side, and usually arrested her "*light-horse gallop of clish-maclaver*" by some specious story of ghost or hobgoblin adventures, with which he had been detained.

"He had now got into such a continued state of dissipation and irregularity, that he was obliged to leave the farm to the mercy of his creditors, and opened a small public house at the end of the old bridge on the

water of Doon. It was while he was here that Tam o'Shanter made its appearance; a manuscript copy was sent to Thomas by post, with this motto—

—"Mutato nomine de te  
Fabula narratur."

The celebrity of the poem brought numbers to his house and he sold a great deal. But his spirit could not brook the brutal taunts and jeers which every day he was obliged to bear from his customers. He left off business and commenced labourer, at which he continued till he got an offer of a situation as overseer of hedges on the large estate of Castle Semple, at that time belonging to William M'Dowall, Esq. M. P. for Renfrewshire, which he accepted. With short intervals, he remained there till the day of his death. He was of such a character that he considered no man or class of men his superior, and no man his inferior.

"Feeling the infirmities of old age approach, Mr. Harvey placed him at his west gate as gate-keeper, where he fell into a lingering disease, which soon put a period to his mortal career. As he had no friends nor relations (his wife having died about two years ago), Thomas had never cared for to-morrow; he was destitute of means to support himself during his illness. The night before he died, he called for a half-mutchkin of whisky, and as a particular friend of his sat by the side of the bed, and who personally informed me, he, taking a glass of it in his hand, held it between him and the light, and eyed it for some time with a peculiarly exhilarating expression of countenance, even at such a crisis. Then, while pleasure sparkled in his eyes, he took his friend by the hand, and pressing it warmly, exclaimed, "this is the last whisky I in all probability will ever drink; and many and often is the times I have felt its power. Here's to thee, Jamie, and may thou never want a drop when thou art dry." He died next morning about eight o'clock."

### Original Poetry.

#### TO A BEAUTY.

Show me a flower that's half so sweet  
As the breath of her I love,  
And if with such a rose you meet,  
You shall its fragrance prove.  
Show me a flower that can compare  
With her young cheek that glows  
As if the summer had been there,  
And hung thereon a rose;  
And with it mix'd the lily fair,  
And bade them bloom together,  
That they beauty's buds might bear  
And laugh at winter weather.  
Show me a star that is so bright  
As her joy-sparkling eye,  
Then I will fall in love with night  
And to the young moon sigh.  
Show me the sun-beam's dazzling gold,  
And I will match her hair;  
Show me the marble white and cold,  
Her bosom is more fair.  
Show me a foot that steps so light,  
A tongue that hath such sound;  
Or one whose smiles give such delight,  
Like morn that breathes around.

Her eyes might serve to kindle day  
And the black night disperse,  
And all the sweet things she does say,  
Poets might steal for verse.

The little birds do sing to her,  
The flowers for her grow;  
The zephyr and the gossamer  
In sunshine on her blow.

The yellow bee does sheath his sting,  
Nor would for honey miss her,  
No pleasure can the flowers bring,  
When he's allow'd to kiss her.

H. LEVIEN.

#### THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

In Greenwich Park beneath a tree,  
The wounded veteran sits at ease,  
And with his busy memory,  
Surveys his life upon the seas;  
When on the Thames the sun-ray plays,  
He views the calm with eye serene,  
And draws the sunshine of his days,  
To think that calm so bright has been.

The heavy clouds, suspended o'er  
The village steeples greenly clad,  
Remind him, what he knew before.  
A direful battle he had had;  
The falling shower and o'erwhelming storm,  
Descending from the skies' dark blue,  
Bring to that hour he lost his arm,  
Where cannon roar'd and courage slew.

A stranger resting by his side,  
He hails with freedom's civil tongue,  
And tells his battles fought with pride,  
When valour, strength, and he were young:  
How many noble shipmates fell,  
On that dread day of high record!  
And that the foes were beaten well,  
For which he now obtains reward.

His gallant admiral's praise he gives,  
And adds his mite of blessings too;  
His native country next receives  
Its grateful benedictions due;  
Safely to his earthly post convey'd  
With scars and wounds, his boast and fame,  
He breathes away his years, repaid,  
And glories in a sailor's name.

August, 1823.

J. R. P.

#### THE CHIEFTAIN'S FAREWELL.

The moonlight fell on hill and glen,  
The silent world was wrapt in sleep,  
Calm was each orb that glisten'd then,  
Calm was the ocean's billowy deep.  
The blue-ey'd heav'n smil'd azurely  
On wood-cloth'd land and gentle sea;  
And it was sweet to view the scene,  
It had an aspect so serene:  
As if the age of woe were past  
And happiness were now to last.  
But hearts that feel enjoyment's sweetness,  
Intensely feel its swift-wing'd fleetness;  
Again grief pains,—and then we deem  
All our past pleasure but a dream;  
That bliss is only sent to shade  
(Like the spring flowers that bloom and fade)  
The hues and tints of that short span  
Which guilt has circumscrib'd to man—  
Fair Ellen, in her woodland bower,  
Imploring cast her eyes to heaven,  
For it was then the wonted hour  
When her sweet prayers to God were given.  
If the deep incense of a heart,  
The mild appealing of an eye,  
Can to orisons strength impart,  
They surely reach'd the list'ning sky.



Had stranger's eye young Ellen seen,  
When unto God she breath'd her prayer,  
That eye charm'd by her solemn mien,  
Had deem'd a seraph worshipp'd there.  
But now her heart was fraught with grief,  
Nor e'en devotion gave relief:  
Donald, her bosom's sole delight,  
Might fall in the approaching fight;  
(For Donald, in the dawn of life,  
Had led his warriors to the strife;)—  
And he might press the blood-stain'd field,  
For he would ne'er to foemen yield.  
These rending thoughts her soul oppress'd,  
And chas'd away the shades of rest;  
From her swoll'n eyes the tear drops flow'd,  
And copious left their blue abode;  
On her blanch'd cheek shone glistenly  
The anguish'd drops of agony;  
At last her sorrow silence broke  
And thus the pensive maiden spoke:—

“Oh! Donald! lord of love and me!  
Dearer than life-blood to my heart!  
No more thy form shall Ellen see—

With joy to meet, with hope to part.  
Sad misery my soul enchains,  
And nought, oh, nought! but grief remains.  
If I had gaz'd upon thy face—  
If I had ta'en one last embrace—  
If I had sigh'd a last farewell—  
I would not on these sorrows dwell.  
But bliss is fled and thou art gone,  
And grief with Ellen reigns alone.  
But who is he that yonder leaps  
High o'er the crags and rocky steeps?—  
My eyes deceive me!—No! 'tis he!  
My Donald comes to welcome me—  
My care-worn heart is now at rest—  
I am, oh Heav'n, I am bless'd!”

A warrior's plume now met her view—  
She cried, “My Donald! is it you?”  
“Yes, Ellen, dear!” the chief replied—  
And swift as thought was at her side.  
“Oh, Ellen! brief must be my stay,  
The armies meet at blush of day;  
But I have hasten'd to my dear  
With wings that love hath given,  
I thought perchance to find you here,  
Sighing your Donald's name to Heaven.  
But Ellen, tell me—tell me why  
You heave that long and deep-drawn sigh?  
And tears are stealing down your cheek—  
Oh, Ellen, speak, I pray thee, speak!—  
How pale you are! that eye's blue ray  
Is curdling with your soul's dismay!  
No more, my love, these vigils keep—  
But cease, my Ellen, cease to weep.”

“Oh, Donald! I have pray'd for thee,”  
The fair-hair'd Ellen trembling said,  
“At this lone hour most ardently,  
For I had deem'd that thou wert dead.  
I dream'd I saw thee on the plain,  
By the vindictive foemen slain,  
And in the mantle of thy gore  
Wert wholly wrapt,—I can no more!  
How oft with pleasure thou and I  
Have gaz'd upon the blue-arch'd sky—  
Have wish'd to soar to yon high dome,  
To gain at last “a starry home!”  
See Donald, see the silent deep  
That in the moonlight seems to sleep:  
View how the pale-fac'd rays are beaming,  
And how the rippling waves are gleaming;  
If winds arise these waves will roar,  
And this sweet scene will be no more;  
If darkling clouds yon orb o'ercast,  
This silvery beauty will not last.  
’Tis thus with me when thou art nigh,  
My soul is calm'd,—I cannot sigh.

Thou art my orb! my bosom's light!  
Without my Donald all is night.  
Yet e'en with joy's luxuriant flow,  
There still will mingle thoughts of woe;  
And all the bliss thy presence brings,  
Departs from me on hasty wings,  
Chas'd by cold fear's empoison'd stings.  
But I'll subdue each dire alarm,  
I'll soothe my throbbing heart to peace,  
Trust that my love will nerve thy arm,  
And deem that when war's strife shall cease,  
Thou wilt return in victory,  
And she whose fears will then be o'er,  
Shall taste with thee felicity  
That may not change or alter more;  
But if, at length, my dear hopes fly—  
And all my fond dreams prove untrue,  
If on the field thou'rt doom'd to die,  
I'll seek thy ashes where they lie,  
And there I'll perish too!”

She fell into his arms—and he  
Kiss'd the cold forehead tenderly  
Of that belov'd and lovely one!—  
Ellen is senseless—Donald gone.  
Edmonton. J. J. LEATHWICK.

### The Drama AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Besides the general cleansing which Drury Lane Theatre has undergone, since the close of last season, some further alterations are at present making, preparatory to its re-opening in the beginning of next month. In consequence of the circumscription of the area of the audience-part of the house last year, the proprietors were enabled to fit up twelve additional private boxes in the intervals between the lower lobby and the dress circle. In the first circle there was, from the same cause, a similar saving of space, which, in the hurry of opening the theatre, was allowed to remain unappropriated during the whole of the past season. This space, or rather the compartments into which it is divided by the passages to the boxes, are at present also fitting up into twelve more private boxes, to be hired on equally convenient terms as those attached to the dress circle. The number of private boxes, however, on a level with the pit, will be reduced by four, or, in other words, the two farthest from the stage, on each side, are to be removed, for the purpose of adding to the number of passages into the pit, and facilitating the ingress and egress to and from that part of the house. It is estimated that a sum of between two and three thousand pounds will be expended in these alterations, and in the ‘machinery, dresses, and decorations,’ &c. now preparing for the representation of *Kenilworth*, on the approaching opening of the theatre. As a spectacle, this piece promises to be extremely attractive, for,

besides the glorious glitter of unwonted splendour on the scenery, it will combine a pedestrian and equestrian procession of great length and number, by torch light, both on the stage and across the pit, after the manner of a piece called the *Coronation*, in which Mr. Elliston used to enact the King, about two years back. In *Kenilworth*, however, the Majesty of England will be personated by Mrs. Bunn, who, as ‘Great Eliza,’ is to enter the Earl of Leicester's castle, mounted on a milk-white steed, accompanied by her gallant paramour on a coal-black charger.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Revivals are the order of the day at this theatre. The farce of *Hit or Miss* has been re-produced with ‘a new feature,’ and that, to us, by no means an attractive one. We are too fond of the English Opera House to see it degraded by the slang of the ‘Minors;’ and, though no friends to censorship, yet we really think Mr. Larpent sometimes slumbers on his post; for we consider it as much his duty to take care that our morals are not corrupted as that we are not seduced from our loyalty. The principal object in reviving this farce was no doubt to give Mathews his old character of Dick Cypher, in which he gave a very lively representation of the vivacity and cunning of this dashing sporting limb of the law. In the present instance, the part has been lengthened though not improved, except so far as regards the songs, which Mathews gave with admirable humour and effect. His imitation of Tattersall was loudly cheered and doubly encored—it was indeed a fac simile. Rayner played Jerry Blossom very spiritedly, and Power did all for O'Rourke O'Daisy that could be done for a part which is radically defective.

On Wednesday, a new and very lively farce, in one act, was produced at this theatre, full of mirth and ‘ryght merrie conceit,’ and ycleped after that ‘horrible monster, hated by gods and men—a dun;’ and not one dun only, but *A Dun a Day*. To too many persons a dun a day is no novelty off the stage, whatever it may be on it; for ourselves, we never laughed so much at creditors in all our life as we did on this occasion. The story is simple:—

Young Rakely (Baker), a young man of fashion and ton, has, by his extravagance and folly, highly irritated his father, a country gentleman of large estate, and embarrassed himself by the contrivance of Smirk (Mr. W. Chapman), a scheming valet. It is so arranged that his creditors, six in number, call, one on each day of the week, and thus arises the title of the piece—*A Dun a*



*Day.* Young Rakely has become deeply enamoured of Caroline Woodbine (Miss Carr), a young Lady of large fortune, but who has prudently determined to forbid his visits, unless he can obtain his father's sanction. For this sanction he has written, but instead of receiving an answer favourable to his wishes, his father writes him a letter of severe reproach and abandonment. Whilst thus situated, and distracted by losing his mistress, he is assailed by one of his creditors, Plush, a tailor (Mr. Bartley,) who threatens, unless his debt is settled, to arrest him immediately. In this emergency, Smirk suggests that old Plush should assume the character of Rakely's father, and be introduced to Caroline as such, and give an assent to their proposed union. This is accordingly done, and the young lady, though surprised at the vulgar manners of her lover's father, not suspecting any imposition, is induced to consent to receive her lover as a husband, under the sanction of his supposed father's approbation. Old Rakely, (Rowbotham,) however, in the interim, arrives in town, desirous of ascertaining what choice his son has made, and, obtaining an introduction to Caroline, soon discovers the trick which has been played off. An amusing interview takes place between the real and the assumed Mr. Rakely, in which all the puns and jokes to which the profession of a tailor is liable are brought into play. The real Mr. Rakely, who had appointed all the creditors to meet him at his son's house, assumes the character of Caroline's father, and forbids the marriage. Plush is assailed as Rakely, by all the creditors, who, with the exception of himself, are ultimately paid. The father, discovering that the deception originated with Smirk, forgives all; young Rakely and Caroline are made happy, and, as usual on the stage, but no where else, the valet and the waiting maid are united at the same time.

Bartley, as Plush, was highly amusing; he was certainly a very portly rubicund tailor, but his costume was in excellent burlesque. Chapman played Smirk very well; Baker was a dashing young fellow; Mrs. Weippert a vivacious waiting-woman; and Miss Carr a very modest young bride. The piece was received with great applause, and promises to run successfully as often as, consistent with the other novelties of this house, it can be produced.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—One of the most contemptible pieces ever produced on any stage was brought out at this theatre on Monday night. It was entitled the *Great Unknown*, in allusion to the author of 'Waverley;' but Liston, who played the hero, could scarcely be heard with patience, and we do not believe that, after his first entrance, he produced a single laugh from the audience—a circumstance quite unknown, indeed, to this actor. The piece was justly condemned.

#### MR. GRAHAM'S AERIAL EXCURSION.

It is generally known from the newspapers, which made no secret of the matter, that a Mr. Graham, sometime ago, proposed to ascend from White Conduit House, in a balloon of unusual dimensions. Owing to a deficiency in the supply of gas, the balloon could not be inflated; when the assembled multitude, with that want of good manners which too frequently marks the conduct of a mob, broke into the gardens, and did considerable damage. Mr. Graham, who had intended no hoax on the public, as was stated, was confident of the merits of his plan, in ascending in a balloon made of linen and filled with common gas, determined on a private ascent, which took place on Friday, the 5th inst. The following is Mr. Graham's own account of his excursion:—

'In consequence of the extraordinary precautions which I had taken to ensure a supply of gas, and aided by the prompt attention of the Gas Company, who exerted themselves on this occasion in so praiseworthy a manner, the balloon began to fill rapidly, and by three o'clock it was sufficiently inflated to carry up three persons, on Friday, from the timber-yard of Mr. Snewin, in Berwick Street, Soho. The cause of my not ascending at that period arose from an anxious wish to have the company of my friend, Mr. Sadler, jun., who through a casual mistake, supposed it would not ascend till Monday. As delays, however, in these cases, are dangerous, I resolved to ascend in company with a friend, of the name of Harris, being unwilling to keep the spectators any longer in suspense, and having previously ascertained that the whole of the apparatus was in a state of safety, we began to cleave the liquid field of ether precisely at a quarter before four o'clock, the machine ascending rapidly and majestically in an eastern direction, amidst the cheers of thousands, who lined the tops of the houses to a great distance, in many cases as far as the eye could reach. I should here, however, mention, that I had provided a cord of 360 yards in length, in order, if possible, to keep myself for a time stationary, that those who had previously ridiculed the idea of my ascent might have ample ocular demonstration of its actually taking place. This line was fastened to a large piece of timber, and, I am informed, that such was the ascensive power of the machine, that it actually swung this piece of timber round, and fortunately slipped its hold without doing any injury. After this we continued to ascend, and in a few moments lost sight of the assembled multitude, St. Paul's appearing only as a diminutive building, and the shipping in the river like children's toys. The view was, notwithstanding, inconceivably grand, and would amply repay any one for the risk in attempting to ascend. Our course lay over Waterloo and London bridges, Greenwich, and Blackheath. We had now mounted to a great height, and which we

found by the barometer to be nearly a mile; and passing through a cloud, we felt it rather cold and damp. The cloud apparently separated, and did not seem inclined to reunite: while through the aperture we clearly saw the earth, free from any misty appearance which some have described as being the case. We then changed our course to the southward, for the space of five minutes, and then returned to the same direction as the first. Through the powerful rays of the sun the gas expanded, and we plainly heard it rushing through the safety pipe, with a loud hissing noise; and as it escaped it became as visible as the smoke from a chimney, assuming a yellowish brown appearance. I then judged it advisable to pull the valve-line, and, notwithstanding the valve thus became open, we still discovered we were ascending, by throwing out small bits of paper. In about half-a-minute's time, it was plain that the balloon had begun to descend, in consequence of which we closed the valve. At this time we were at our greatest height, which we calculated by our barometer to be two miles and a quarter. My friend, Mr. Harris, observed he felt himself very warm, probably through some attraction of the solar rays by the machine. And, as for my own part, I must say that, although at this great height, I felt no extra sense of cold, but we both felt extreme thirst. At this time, also, the clouds surrounded us like so many silvered mountains, and above our heads the atmosphere was serene beyond all idea. We also discovered that the balloon, car, and ourselves, were each reflected in the most beautiful manner, with all the different colours on the surface of one of the clouds—but much diminished in size. The grandeur and loveliness of this spectacle it is impossible to describe; we were, indeed, filled with astonishment while beholding it, and left the sight thereof with much regret, reflecting, as much as our situation would permit us, upon the wonderful works of the Creator, and the idea of the immense space which on all sides surrounded us.

'The valve being closed, and the solar rays powerful, we discovered we were floating on an equilibrium—the paper which we threw out doing the same—only descending by its own gravity, which was very slowly. Soon, however, we began to descend, and discovered the fields in appearance like a beautiful carpet, bordered in its various shapes, with rich green velvet. Still keeping our easterly direction, we soon discovered the English Channel, with South End bearing to the north-east. The Nore, Sheerness, and the river Medway, to the east. Observing the Medway and Rochester Bridges, and Cole Wood beneath us, adjoining the immense park of Earl Darnley. While over Woolwich Warren a cannon was fired, the flash and smoke we saw. Still descending, we threw out three bags of ballast, which caused us to skim over the wood, within a hundred yards of the extremity. We now threw out the grappling iron, the car touching the tops of the trees, and the balloon then ascended, but probably through the grappling iron taking hold, caused us again

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to descend. Thus we were drawn between two trees, as to our greatest surprise the grappling iron took no hold until we had passed between them, the netting of the balloon carrying away part of the upper branches. Such was the velocity with which the machine moved, that the grappling iron seemed to pass through the hedge without any resistance. We now descended in a turnip field, skimming along the surface, the car touching the ground, and thus we proceeded over three or four acres of ground, until, by holding down the valve line, the gas had escaped sufficiently for us to get out, which we did without the least personal injury, being kindly assisted by Mr. Thomas Clayton, game-keeper to the Earl of Darnley, and we were immediately surrounded by a number of his friends, who rendered their assistance in the most prompt manner, by carrying the machine to the Coach and Horses, Stroud Hill, near Rochester Bridge; which was about a mile and three quarters from the place of our descent; from whence we proceeded to town, where we arrived safely, in a post-chaise, with the machine, the same night—after being in the air nearly fifty-five minutes.

In answer to the numerous inquiries of my friends and the public, I beg leave respectfully to state, that it is my intention to ascend in a few days from Bath, by a particular request of the principal inhabitants, and shortly after within the limits of the metropolis.

Mr. Graham having thus succeeded, after his first attempt and public failure, has no longer any doubt of re-ascending at pleasure; he has consequently announced that he will ascend, from the gardens of White Conduit House, this day, the 12th inst.; and the weather seems highly favourable for the undertaking.

Ballooning seems to have received a new impulse lately.

Mr. Sadler, the aeronaut, ascended in his balloon, at Leeds, on Thursday afternoon, the 4th inst.; he had some difficulty in ascending, through the imperfect inflation of the balloon; he was in sight only twelve minutes and descended in safety.

Mr. Green also made an aerial voyage from Leeds on the day following, in a magnificent balloon, thirty-seven feet high, in the presence of an immense crowd of spectators; the ascent was very grand, the sky being cloudless. Mr. Green descended at a distance of forty miles, but the wind was so high that the car was separated from the balloon; Mr. Green was stunned by the fall, and the balloon went to Holland, it is supposed, as on the 6th inst. a large balloon was found near Wychop-Zee, by fishermen, and carried to the Texel. It was of silk, and had the arms of England upon it.

## Literature and Science.

THE Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures have just offered, among their premiums, one 'to the person who shall invent and discover to the society a method for preventing accidents arising from stage-coaches—the gold medal, or thirty guineas. Ample certificates of its efficacy and a description of the method, with models of the machinery used, to be produced to the society on or before the last Tuesday in February, 1824. The society wish to impress strongly on the public the necessity of turning their attention to the above premium, from the number of accidents that daily occur; and suggest whether they might not, in some degree, be prevented, by an alteration in the manner of placing the luggage.

Gas lights have been introduced into India. The *Bombay Gazette*, of the 16th of April, states, that Mr. Barthgate, an eminent chemist and druggist of Calcutta, had illuminated his warehouse in a brilliant manner with gas. Crowds of the better descriptions of natives flocked round the place, expressing their admiration at the beautiful contrivance. Several apparatus had been carried from England, and as coal and oil are abundant in Calcutta, there can be no difficulty in their application.

At the last monthly meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle-on-Tyne, a very valuable and ingenious paper was read by the senior secretary, entitled 'The Encyclochart, or Circular Tablet of Memory,' by Mr. William Brown, of Whickham, being an improvement on the plan of Priestley, Le Sage, and Grey's Historical Charts.

A painting, in water-colours, of the murder of Thomas à Becket, has been discovered, under the plaster, in the church of Wootton Bassett, Wilts. The picture is in the rudest style. It represents the four knights in complete armour, assaulting Becket; two of them are in the act of drawing, and he is leaning before the altar; between his hands, which are raised in a pious attitude, is the wafer; the cup and the book are placed on the table before him; the crosier and mitre are by his side. His cardinal's red robe, with golden bands, is distinct. His features are a good deal obliterated; but there is sufficient to distinguish that his head is turned round in sudden surprise. This painting is evidently very curious, both from the subject and rudeness of the execution. It was done, in all probability, at an age when Becket's character as a saint stood high, as a holy decoration for the church, and at no great distance from the event. He was murdered anno domini, 1170. It is not easy to determine when the picture was covered over; very likely at the reformation, to efface a Catholic memorial of a personage to whom such miraculous celebrity was ascribed. It might, however, have been covered up in the time of Cromwell; for, on the opposite wall, the plaster

was also removed, and a painting of the royal arms in Charles's time discovered. These were also covered over, and the zeal of the partisans in those days might have caused both the picture and the king's arms to be effaced together. The picture is evidently painted on the first coating, as the bare stone is immediately underneath. The entrance by the folding doors is also rudely represented, and below is sketched what seems intended to signify the cathedral itself.

Capt. Kotzebue has deemed it necessary to justify himself against some reproaches, for not having pushed his discoveries far enough in the Rurick. He pleads a serious illness and the weakness of his vessel.

Drs. Ehrenberg and Hemprich, Prussian naturalists, now travelling in Egypt, are not expected, as some journals have stated, to return immediately to Europe. On the contrary, they were, according to the last accounts from them, about to avail themselves of the assistance afforded by his Majesty for a new expedition. Their plan, as described in a letter, dated Suez, June 8, is as follows:—In the first place to proceed along the coast of the Red Sea, making their longest halt at Tor and Akaba. They will afterwards embark for Mocca, whence they will make excursions on the coast of Abyssinia and in the islands situated near Rab and Nandeb. Hence they mean to proceed to Suakin, and if circumstances permit, to penetrate again into Nubia and Sennaar, to examine those fertile countries with which they had acquired but a slight acquaintance on their former journey, only by skimming the frontiers. They wish to return to Cairo by Cosseyr and Gineh. We have already received from them 30 large packing cases, containing valuable articles collected during their voyage in Nubia, and which furnish most interesting information on countries hitherto very little known. What curiosities they have since collected, have been embarked for Trieste, and we expect to receive them before the end of the present year. From the researches of these zealous and intelligent travellers, we expect important results for the study of natural history and geography.—*Berlin paper.*

A patent or privilege has been granted, at St. Petersburg, for a press for making bricks, which is not only to diminish the labour, but to perfect the form of the brick. By means of this machine, not only bricks, both solid and hollow, can be made, but tubes, straight or crooked, cornices, flutes for columns, and other architectural ornaments. The patentee is a Mr. Thomas, who proposes to establish a model brick-yard, with improved ovens for baking the bricks. Three or four men can produce, it is said, with this machine, from 10 to 12,000 bricks daily, of different forms.

A curious experiment, promising some success, has lately been making in Paris. It is an attempt to preserve the large paintings of the most esteemed artists, by the employment of plates of pottery. The different parts of a large picture are united by a com-



position, and so coloured as completely to disguise the joinings. The artists, who are making this experiment, hope, by these means, to produce works as durable as Mosaic, but of much easier execution and at a very moderate price.

*Sheerness Docks*—M. Dupin, an ingenious French writer, has done justice to the superiority of our docks, our harbours, and our public works generally, over all the rest of the world, and if he revisits England, he will find a new subject for his eulogy in the Sheerness Docks, which were opened on Friday the 5th inst. They were designed and executed by the late John Rennie, Esq., and on account of the extraordinary difficulties of the situation (the whole being constructed upon a quicásand near forty feet thick), reflect the greatest credit on that engineer's skill and judgment. The works already finished consist of a basin, 520 feet long by 300 feet wide, with three dry docks for first-rate ships of the line, the gates, which are of cast-iron, weighing 160 tons each pair, and of a peculiar ingenious and novel construction. The river wall is also novel, being hollow, and standing upon inverted arches, supported by numerous piles. There is also a mast pond, 200 feet by 150, with extensive mast locks and tunnel. The works now in hand consist of a smaller basin, 250 feet by 200 feet wide; two frigate docks and a boat basin, 100 feet long and 70 feet wide: and an additional line of river wall 1000 feet long, with a depth of 27 feet at low water of spring tides. When complete the dock-yard will contain about 60 acres, with a river wall about 3000 feet long. Upon the death of the late Mr. Rennie, his two sons, Messrs. George and John Rennie, were appointed by the Admiralty to succeed him. We understand that the fund expended upon these works amounts to about 1,300,000l.

The first stone was laid by the present Lord Melville in August, 1814.

### The Bee.

#### EPIGRAM.

*On a Review of a Regiment of Cavalry returned from Ireland:*

The corps was drawn up in all due cavalcade,  
When the flourish of trumpets a hideous noise made;—

'From Hibernia's fair land,' cries a waggish pat rogue,

'By jingo, the trumpets have all got the brogue.'

#### On Life.

This world's a stage, and life's a scene of woe:  
The actors—men: the play—their state below.  
The audience—heav'n: the manager is God;  
The critics—conscience: and despair their rod.  
Applause—is honour, joy, long-life, and peace;  
Heav'n's hiss—is death, with sorrow and disgrace.

An Irish newspaper under the title of *Christian Sects*, gives a statistical account of the Jews, Pagans, and Mahomedans that are to be found in the world.

*George Steevens, the Commentator of Shakespeare*.—There is a very curious note relating to this celebrated person in 'Dibdin's

*Bibliomania; or Book Madness*, which, as the work is scarce, we have chosen to extract:—

'Steevens having learnt that a copy of Skelton's verses on Elinour Ruminin, the famous Ale Wife of England, with her portrait in the title-page, was in the library of the Cathedral of Lincoln, he prevailed on the late Dean, Sir Richard Kaye, to bring the book to London; but as it was not suffered to go from the dean's possession, Mr. Steevens was permitted to make a fac-simile drawing of the title at the Dean's house in Harley Street. This drawing he gave to Richardson, the print-seller, who engraved and published it among the scarce portraits to illustrate Granger. The acquisition of this rarity produced from Steevens the following *jeu d'esprit*, the merit of which can only be truly appreciated by those who had the pleasure of knowing the eminent portrait-collectors therein mentioned, and whose names are printed in capital letters:

#### 'ELEONORA REDIVIVA.

'To seek this nymph among the glorious dead,  
Tir'd with his search on earth, is Gulston fled:  
Still for these charms enamoured Musgrave sighs;

To class these beauties ardent Bindley dies:  
For these (while yet unstaged to public view),  
Impatient Brand o'er half the kingdom flew;  
These, while their bright ideas round him play,  
From classic Weston force the Roman lay;  
Oft, too, my Storer, Heaven has heard thee swear,

Not Gallia's murder'd queen was half so fair.  
"A new Europa!" cries the exulting Bull,  
"My Granger now, I thank the gods, is full."—  
Even Cracherode's self, whom passions rarely move,

At this soft shrine has deign'd to whisper love.  
Haste, then, ye swains, who Rumming's form adore,

Possess your Eleanour and sigh no more.'

*Chance*.—When Isaiah Thomas, the printer, of Massachusetts, was printing his almanac for the year 1780, one of the boys asked him what he should put opposite the 13th of July. Mr. T. being engaged, replied, 'any thing, any thing;' the boy returned to the office, and set 'rain, hail, and snow.' The country was all amazement—the day arrived, when it actually rained, hailed, and snowed violently. From that time Thomas's almanacs were in great demand.

*Hume and Warburton*.—Bishop Warburton, in a letter to Dr. Hurd, written in 1749, says,—'I am strongly tempted to have a stroke at Hume in parting. He is the author of a little book, called, "Philosophical Essays," in one part of which, he argues against the being of a God; and in another, (very needlessly you will say) against the possibility of miracles. He has crowned the liberty of the press, and yet he has a considerable post under government. I have a great mind to do justice on his argument against miracles, which I think might be done in a few words. But does he deserve notice? Is he known among you at Cambridge? Pray answer these questions. For if his own weight keeps him down, I should be sorry to contribute to his advancement to any place, but the pillory.'

The Talmudists relate that Abraham, in travelling to Egypt, brought with him a chest. At the custom house the officers exacted the duties. Abraham would have readily paid, but desired they would not open the chest. They first insisted on the duties for clothes, which Abraham consented to pay; but then they thought by his ready acquiescence that it might be gold. Abraham consents to pay for gold. They now suspect it might be silk. Abraham was willing to pay for silk, or more costly pearls—in short, he consented to pay as if the chest contained the most valuable of things. It was then they resolved to open and examine the chest; and behold, as soon as the chest was opened, that great lustre of human beauty broke out which made such a noise in the land of Egypt—it was Sarah herself! The jealous Abraham, to conceal her beauty, had locked her up in this chest.

*Walking Stewart*.—This eccentric old gentleman, in 1810, published a work, which he entitled, 'The Moral or Intellectual last Will and Testament of John Stewart the Traveller, the only Man of Nature that ever appeared in the World.' Mr. Stewart seems to have contemplated this strange fœtus of his brain with great self-complacency; for he calls it, a '*stupendous essay of intellectual energy to elevate science to the dawn of sense*;' and afterwards, says, 'I shall conclude this work with one great effort, not to immortalize, or to apotheosize, but homou-size its author; that is to identify self and nature, by giving an extraordinary test of my intellectual powers, to turn my mind, as it were, inside out, and let all the world judge of it as well as myself.'

#### TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R. P., and E. G. B., in an early number.

F. is informed that the Country Edition can be sent post free to India; a reference for payment in London will be required.

#### HANSARD'S PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.

THE SUBSCRIBERS to this WORK and the Public are respectfully informed, that the Eighth Volume of the NEW SERIES, containing the proceedings in both Houses of Parliament, from the Opening of the last Session to the 30th of April, including the whole of the Documents relative to, and the important Debates upon, the recent Negotiations with regard to Spain, is ready for delivery. Volume the Ninth, which will complete the proceedings of the last Session, will be published in November.

\* \* All Communications for this Work, if forwarded to Mr. Wright, No. 112, Regent Street, or to Mr. T. C. Hansard, Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, will be carefully attended to; but as an early publication of the Proceedings of each Session is extremely desirable, it is respectfully requested that such Communications may be forwarded with as little delay as possible.

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